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Others who did not know him will value the book as a contribution to the history of education in the South and as a faithful and interesting presentation of a noble character.

Tulane University.

JOHN M. MCBRYDE, JR.

THE AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS. Translated into English Rhyming Verse, with Explanatory Notes, by Gilbert Murray. Oxford University Press. 1920. Pp. 91.

This translation of the *Agamemnon* is easily classifiable with the translations by Browning and Fitzgerald. Good translations are still rare, and it often happens that anthologies are compelled to use inferior translations because of copyrights jealously guarded. In such a market good wares are apt to be overvalued, and at first glance readers may incline to fancy that the unattainable has at last been achieved. I have seen no translation more likely to induce such a feeling than Gilbert Murray's *Agamemnon*. His golden numbers recall enough of the iron fire of the warrior poet from Eleusis to merit close comparison with Browning. Two passages may suffice to indicate the merits and the difficulties of both translations:—

“τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδῶ—  
 σάντα, τὸν πάθει μάθος  
 θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.  
 στάζει δ' ἐν θ' ὕπνῳ πρὸ καρδίας  
 μνησιπήμων πόνος· καὶ παρ' ᾧ—  
 κοντας ἦλθε σωφρονεῖν.  
 δαιμόνων δέ που χάρις βιαίως  
 σέλημα σεμνὸν ἡμένων.” —ll. 176-183.

“Zeus, who leads onward mortals to be wise,  
 Appoints that suffering masterfully teach.  
 In sleep, before the heart of each,  
 A woe-remembering travail sheds in dew  
 Discretion,—ay, and melts the unwilling too  
 By what, perchance, may be a graciousness  
 Of gods, enforced no less,—  
 As they, commanders of the crew,  
 Assume the awful seat.” —Browning.

"Zeus the Guide who made man turn  
Thoughtward, Zeus, who did ordain  
Man by suffering shall learn  
So the heart of him again  
Aching with remembered pain,  
Bleeds and sleepeth not, until  
Wisdom comes against his will,  
'Tis the gift of one by strife  
Lifted to the throne of life."

—Murray.

"μεγαλόμητις εἶ,  
περίφρονα δ' ἔλακες, ὥσπερ οὖν  
φονολιβεῖ τύχα φρὴν ἐπιμαίνεται  
λίπος ἐπ' ὀμμάτων αἵματος εἰς πρέπειν.  
ἀτίετον ἔτι σὲ χρὴ στερομέναν φίλων  
τύμμα τύμματι τεῖσαι." —ll. 1426-1430.

"Greatly-intending thou art;  
Much-mindful, too, hast thou cried  
(Since my mind, with its slaughter-outpouring part,  
Is frantic) that over the eyes, a patch  
Of blood—with blood to match  
Is plain for a pride!  
Yet still, bereft of friends, thy fate  
Is—blow with blow to expiate."

—Browning.

"Thy thought, it is very proud,  
Thy breath is the scorner's breath!  
Is not the madness loud  
In thy heart, being drunk with death?  
Yea, and above thy brow  
A star of the wet blood burneth!  
Oh, doom shall have yet her day,  
The last friend cast away,  
When lie doth answer lie  
And a stab for a stab returneth!"

—Murray.

The slughorn has been dauntlessly blown. This latest translation is sympathetic with the distinction that attaches to scholarship and understanding, and there are passages where it rises to that which attaches to emotional inspiration, such as, for example, the lines beginning—

"And winds, winds blew from Strymon river."

Translations, however, after all, even the best, belong to a peculiar category. Make it ever so much his own, the translator

can never perfectly reproduce the work translated. There will always remain in his memory floating patterns of rhythm, intriguing niceties of language and thought, which in a stranger, even if finely decorative garb, appear as but shadowy ghosts, no longer as flesh and blood. I believe that if this translation should be acted, the power of Æschylus would inform it; but in the reading something of grimness, of desolation, of awe remains locked in the original. In the attempt to shift from our alien point of view to that of the Greek poet and his audience the notes of this little book are decidedly valuable. Sir Gilbert Murray, not only in this work but in numerous other translations, has interpreted the spirit of a people and an age which remains vital in the life and thought of western civilization.

J. B. EDWARDS.

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SELECTED POEMS. By William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1921. Pp. 308.

This new volume of Mr. Yeats's poetry is admirably balanced as representing his Early Poems, his poetic dramas and his lyrical variousness. Among the first is the beautiful *Lake Isle of Innisfree*, written in London when Yeats was lonely and homesick, *The Fiddler of Dooney*, *When You Are Old*, and *The Indian Upon God*. Of the dramas, *The Land of Heart's Desire*, *The Countess Cathleen*, *The Old Age of Queen Maeve*, and *Baile Aillinn*, *Deirdre* and *On Baile's Strand*, are included. Of the middle and later lyrics we may note especially *The Folly of Being Comforted*, *Never Give All the Heart*, *Adam's Curse*, *The Old Men Admiring Themselves in the Water*, *Friends* (with which Hardy's *A Poet* may be usefully compared), *No Second Troy*, *Reconciliation*, *The Cold Heaven*, *To a Child Dancing in the Wind*, *The Mountain Tomb*, *To a Friend whose Work has Come to Nothing*, *Running to Paradise*, *The Mask*, *The Wild Swans at Coole*, *Men Improve with the Years*, *The Collar-bone of a Hare* and *On Woman*.

Mr. Yeats is a sincere, successful, delicately sensitive poet. But his programme, like his spirit, wavers. Arthur Symonds has always been his close friend, yet Symonds himself has said